



SCIOTA  
An Indian Romance

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FREDERICK WALTER.



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# SCIOTA

## An Indian Romance

—BY—

FREDERICK WALTER. *Schultz*

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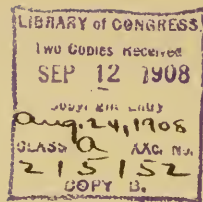
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## PREFACE.

To the average mind it would appear that there is little in the nature, character or history of the North American Indian that would inspire or suggest romantic incident or poetic thought; nevertheless, like all primitive peoples, they have their folklore, their tales and legends, wild, rude, and improbable as most of them are, yet if closely scanned and patiently analyzed a very deep and abiding sense of the romantic and poetical may be extracted from their uncouth depths.

The groundwork of this story was related to the writer while he was recently spending a few days at an Indian camp in the Far West.

There was nothing in the legend, as related, which indicated the locality in which the incidents transpired, but the writer's admiration for the beautiful valley of the Scioto river, in the State of Ohio, led him to locate the scene of the story in that charming region.

FREDERICK WALTER.

Baltimore, July 4, 1908.





# SCIOTA

## AN INDIAN ROMANCE

### PROLOGUE.

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**L**AND of the West! Imperial land!  
Thou guardian of the gates of night!  
Thy boundless plains and seas expand  
To lesser worlds, which hold the might  
Of rushing tide and mountain crest,  
Striding in grandeur o'er thy breast!  
For—as some cosmic gathered sphere,  
Roaming the vault of Heaven, that bursts  
With fateful throes—Thou seemst to rear  
From out thyself a universe  
Of Empires, crowned with august sway  
In the broad firmament of fate,  
Whose pendant orbs in bright array,  
Revolving in planetic state—  
Around thy great parental sun,  
Whose light by freedom bravely won—  
Shall on thy bosom, destined, rest  
A nation's splendor, wondrous West!

# SCIOTA

## BOOK FIRST.

### PART I.

**W**ITHIN the far unbounded West  
Where nature's garbed in stern repose;  
Or else, in softer mood is dressed  
With clinging vine and blooming rose—  
Where gleaming sands the shores adorn,  
And valleys blush with flowers rare,  
Within whose tinted folds are born  
Sweets that o'erflow the perfumed air—

Flows softly on, with liquid song  
Re-echoed through each verdant glade,  
A lovely stream, whose banks along—  
In leafy robe, in misty shade —  
Stretch onward as in heedless race,  
With eager waves that gently pillow  
Their flashing wreaths, in soft embrace  
Of fragrant sod and drooping willow.

Reflected in its bosom deep—  
Revealing pictures fair and bright—  
A twin world, wrapped in beauty's sleep,  
Lies revealing in the jeweled light,  
Shed by the Sun's exultant beam—  
And sacred stars that peaceful gleam,  
As ceaseless on their westward way,  
They speed to 'scape pursuing day—

'Tis fair Sciota! Charming Stream!  
 Unrobing thus its splendor 'round—  
 As morning breaks with ruddy beam  
 O'er quickened earth and skies profound—  
 'Mid happy scenes, whose pendant veil  
 Of summer haze, o'er fragrant dale  
 And breezy hill, harmonious flows—  
 Like that soft light whose halo glows  
 O'er mountain tops, the heavenly blue  
 Of distant sunlight veiled in dew—

Where broad Ohio's surging tide  
 Rolls onward in eternal race,  
 And calm Sciota's wavelets glide  
 To sink within the rude embrace—  
 Ere stranger form profaning trod,  
 Unchallenged o'er the virgin sod,  
 Or from the plains responsive breast —  
 By rugged toil imperious riven—  
 The bounteous meed of harvest wrest,  
 To ripen 'neath the smile of heaven.  
 When wild deer, fearless, with their young  
 Roamed the broad meadows, or reposing  
 Beneath the oak, whose branches flung  
 A world of shade, like daylight closing—

Wandered a brave—Whose eagle plume  
Proclaimed the warrior of renown—  
Unmarked by times invading gloom,  
Unconscious yet of fortunes frown,  
But in impetuous youth and pride—  
And hardy as the swaying pine—  
Along the speeding waters side,  
He trod those woodland scenes divine.

Majestic in his warrior guise—  
His mighty form, imposing more  
Than those dread heroes from the skies  
Who, times, the weight of battle bore  
Victorious, when injustice sought  
With all the wrongs success bestow,  
To crush the men who nobly fought,  
The battle of a generous foe—

He came from that superior land  
Whose sons despise the plenteous ease,  
O'er gathered on the verdant strand,  
And garnered 'mid the vines and trees  
By the broad lake whose waters, sweep  
Serene around its stately shores,  
Or rolling as in restless sleep,  
Or else in sullen anger, roars

As the Borean storm—That drives  
    Tempestuous to destroying flight—  
Speeds o'er its bosom, and revives  
    The elements conflicting might—  
Like giants of the olden days  
    Whose warfare raged from earth to sky  
Relentless, 'till the holy rays  
    Shed from the wondrous gates on high,  
Bade the wide storm and turmoil 'cease,  
And brought the happy calm of peace—  
'Twas the fair land,—by Hurons side,—  
Whose spreading sea, whose bounding tide,  
Whose radiant scenes, inspire the braves  
Who drink the glory of its waves—  
Where dwelt the chief; his warrior fame  
    O'er all the Western region spread,  
'The nightly raid, the wigwams flame,  
    The tides of blood in battle shed,  
'The shriek of anguish echoing,  
    The wail of fond hearts rudely torn,  
'The shrill death songs that loudly ring,  
    The deeds of torture mercy shorn,  
His prowess marks, and proudly tends  
    To swell the plumes above his crest;  
Likewise a garniture depends  
    In scalp locks from his wampum'd breast.

Ne'er had he lived in soft content,  
His joy was all in ceaseless war;  
His ready arm unsparing lent  
Its strength to capture or restore  
A foe or friend. Who e'er entreats  
Of Huron's power to assist—  
When some superior foe defeats  
A feebler tribe—Who vain resists—  
Gains great Waconta's tireless aid  
With trenchant ax, the van to lead  
In battles carnage, fire or raid,  
In every wild vindictive deed,  
That warfare's madness justifies  
When weeping mercy fettered lies.

'Twas there, to gather fame, intent,  
He strode far from his Northern home,  
And boldly dared the game, that lent  
Adventure 'mid the tribes that roam  
Through the dark forest's solemn deep,  
In savage vagrance void of joy,  
Whose highest aim is art to keep  
Their dupe to torture or destroy.

Triumphant still through fortunes aid,  
And by his valor danger 'scaped,  
In vagrant venture still he strayed,  
Till fate his wandering pathway shaped  
Southward, among the verdant glades  
O'er decked by natures flowery charms,  
Where sunny plains and fragrant shades  
Invited rest in beauty's arms.  
'Twas there 'mid glens and leafy aisles,  
And laughing streams that softly flows,  
Where moonlight dreams, and morning smiles,  
His warring instincts found repose.



## PART II.

FAR in the South by fair Sciota's side,  
Where broad prairies, decked with verdure  
rare,

Rest like maternal bosoms, where abide

The slumbering peace whose dreams, creating, are  
That nobler life, which hope beholds again

To patriarchal dwell the flowery plain.

Here homes are bright, and cheerful hours are spent

In welcome toil to grow the fruitful maize,

And all those duties savage arts invent

Are pleasures that engross the speeding days.

Here love delights with loving ones to roam

Beneath the star light in the dewy eve,

While far above, the vast mysterious dome

Enshrines the faith their simple minds believe.



It is a clime, where Southern summers reign,  
And mellow autumn yields its fruit mature,  
Where the mild winter aids the hunters gain,  
And spring entrances with its budding lure ;  
Where mornings sun, grants to adoring light  
The lusty smiles that ravished days invite,  
And evenings witchery wooing nights repose  
In dells nepenthine, where the dew born rose  
Distilling its sweet soul, in suppliant prayer,  
Makes seem celestial the caressing air.

Here ages gone the red man built his shrine,  
His tribe to shelter, and his faith to hold—  
Like olden trees that spread their arms benign,  
Or those protecting spirits that enfold  
Their chosen ones within their smiles, to keep  
From famines ills, or from the foemans raid,  
Who times, within the gentle hours of sleep.  
Their tortures threaten and their arms invade—  
Here dwelt the grand old warrior tribe—whose name  
For justice honored, and for valor feared—  
Whose peaceful arts, whose ancient warlike fame,  
Their arms protected ; whilst their rule endeared  
To all, who in this happy region dwelt,  
Who righteous lived and to Manitou knelt.

Muskingum sturdy as the mighty hills—  
That far beyond the dim horizon rise—  
The offsprings of that hero band, whose wills  
Moved by bright spirits from the gazing skies,  
From the far West, from some mysterious land  
That memory ne'er can summon from the past—  
Wrapped in the pride of legends old and grand—  
Came, and resolved their destinies to cast  
In this bright spot, to be their final home,  
To dwell contented and no more to roam.

Long time in peace they lived, no foeman dared  
To wake the vengeance of their watchful power,  
Their weapons ready, and their braves prepared,  
They lived secure, and long delayed the hour,  
When war in all its dread aspect became,  
A scene of horror and the home of flame.

At length a band of raiders from the shore,—  
Where Huron's lake its limpid charms extend—  
Upon Muskingum's borders fiercely pour,  
Its peace to shatter and its joys to rend.  
Keen was the battle 'twixt the furious braves,  
And long the contest urged by hate prevailed,  
Till 'o'er the plain was spread unnumbered graves.  
And countless souls each raging tribe bewailed.

Muskingum's God protected, powers succeed,  
Whilst Huron's captured braves in torture bleed.  
And ever since, black hate supreme, commands  
The chasm 'twixt these mighty warrior bands,

For glad! Muskingum's valiant sons would bleed,  
From their brave hearts, the last drop on the fane,  
Of that dear land, ere should prevail the deed  
That brings a Huron foe's invading stain.  
Triumphantly! Beyond all fear, they held  
Their homes secure in freedoms guarding light,  
The errant brave that tempting war impelled,  
Came but to death, or worse, polluting flight.

### PART III.

**B**UT now behold! A Huron trod  
Unchallenged on Muskingum's sod!  
Waconta came, with wild desire,  
'To spread the land with death and fire.  
Fearless! Alone! Disdaining all  
That led to rest or pleasures state,  
Content to live, content to fall,  
If but Muskingum felt his hate.

But never can a mind foretell  
The measures prompting fates decree,  
What features guide, what arts impel  
The being to his destiny.

One eve,—'twas when the softened shade  
Of twilight o'er the heavens strayed,  
When woodlands melt in odors rare,  
And silent flows the perfumed tear  
That nature sheds with parting day—  
He saw—enraptured 'neath the ray,—  
A light of beauty beam afar,  
Fair as the tinted evening star  
That glows upon the Western sky—  
A lovely maid, to his fond eye  
With grace beyond all earthly measure,  
Amid a happy band, that vie  
In bounding maze of guileless pleasure.

Unseen he gazed, and gazing found  
New joys revealed, new charms abound  
In every change that brightly came  
On that sweet face. A holy aim

To his impassioned gaze appeared  
In every gentle smile—that stirred  
His throbbing breast with love intense—  
Upon that face of innocence.

Meanwhile in musics pleasing thrall—  
That lingered o'er the sunny glade  
Like some bright Peri's heavenly call—  
Thus sweetly sang Muskingum's maid.

O! hours intense  
With loves suspense,  
Fraught ever with hopes recompense,  
That constant, through  
Bright visions, drew  
To mem'ry loves fond tale anew.

Impassioned starts  
Our throbbing hearts  
With new born impulse, that imparts  
A higher joy,  
Beyond alloy  
Of pains or sorrows that destroy.

And thus until  
We idly fill  
The passing scenes that course and thrill,  
With pleased thought,  
Inconstant taught  
By dreaming joys inconstant sought;

'Tis sweet to sigh,  
And languid lie  
Enraptured 'neath the smiling sky,  
In loves suspense  
With hope intense  
To wait the hearts fond recompense.

Thus pleasure sped  
And moments fled—  
Which loves impassioned hours span'd—  
In misty dells  
Whose fragrance tells  
The glowing beauty of our land;

While all about  
The forests shout  
Resounded through broad natures hall;  
And through bright days  
Responding lays  
Drew music from the mockers call,

Until the light  
In vagrant flight  
Turned happy day to solemn night,  
Where stars shone dim  
In silent hymn,  
That reverent filled the circling rim.

And so content,  
Our hopes invent  
New scenes, new joys, their treasures lent  
To speeding years,  
Whose hallowed tears  
Sheds incense o'er our passing biers.

At once his heart was all aflame,  
At once forgetting country, fame.  
And all the legendary past,  
His soul went forth, his hopes were cast  
It seem'd upon a magic shrine,  
So new the sense, so vast the mine  
Of wondrous joy, far, far above  
All other joys; 'twas love, fond love  
That plead the hearts ecstatic prayer,  
And set the gem of virtue there.

## PART IV.

BUT Ah! The pang reflection brings,  
To know that she, a foemans child—  
Whose image to my memory clings  
Like some sweet spirit, that beguiled  
The aching heart to that content  
Which comes when wayward souls repent—  
Must know a Huron's hand is dyed  
With the proud blood, unjustly shed,  
When her dear people, peace denied,  
Their hearts libations freely bled;  
Can She—beholding all the wrong  
By Huron wrought, the crushing grief  
That such unholy wars prolong—  
Give one kind thought to Huron's chief?"

"Alas! 'tis hopeless to expect—  
For virtue is supremely just—  
Forgiveness for the hand that wrecked —  
Unpitying 'mid the battle lust—  
The few fond joys that life contains  
For innocence that dwell the plains.  
And yet a brave should not despair,  
A Huron knows nor fears defeat,  
A love like mine, no thought should dare  
To its fond purpose bid retreat.



Perhaps some fonder brave has heard  
The liquid magic of her voice,  
Perhaps some nobler soul has stirred  
Her heart to sweet affection's choice.  
Away such fears! Undaunted will  
I shape the ends that yield me joy,  
Brave all Muskingum's power, until  
Love conquers, or the fates destroy."  
And She—Who thus unconscious gave  
A heaven to bless the Huron brave—  
She was a love light on the brow  
Of time that guides to holy peace,  
A jewel won from heaven, that now  
Dwells the rude earth, to give release  
To virtues, which beneath the crust  
Of some stern breast, when brought to light,  
Springs roughly from the veiling dust,  
And sheds their beauty pure and bright—

The daughter of Muskingum's chief,  
The master form of that proud band,  
The arbiter whose dictates brief  
Gives law to rule his cherished land.

Stern as the darkening thunder clouds  
The shrieking tempest sullen crowns,  
His gloomy brow, unyielding, shrouds  
His dreaded will, and save the frowns,  
That gather with the lightning gleams  
That flashes from his eagle gaze,  
No portent of his measures beams  
Revealing from the hidden blaze.

His mighty arm, that often turned  
Destruction to the battling foe,  
Dealt to the brave, that daring, earned  
His hate, the final act of woe.  
But greater far his fury grew,  
When that cursed name, at times was spoken,  
Which from the Huron waters drew  
Its tide of glory, yet unbroken  
By all Muskingum's utmost might  
In raiding arts or gallant fight.

His passion like a raging flood—  
Deadlier as its volume grows—  
Sees naught to recompense but blood,  
When some indignant warrior throws

The gauntlet to oppressions rage,  
To seek the right, to dare the gage.  
And yet a patriots soul was his!

Persistent for his peoples right  
He sought the path, whose progress is  
For welfare, and the generous light  
To beam in those progressive aisles  
That guide the land to plenty's smiles.

And yet his gloomy brow to one  
Unbends! When in his mighty arms,  
His dear child sees the pity won  
Through her fond loves caressing charms;  
She knows some wretched soul may yet,  
In freedom all his woes forget—  
Like some sweet Nymph's creating dream  
That woos the gentle winds and showers,  
With sunlight's glow, and lightnings gleam  
And weaves them into fragrant flowers—  
So, often she had pleading, wrest  
Forgiveness through her loving art,  
Turned the dark aims that throned his breast,  
And bade awaiting death depart;

At times some captives bonds were rent,  
And mercy gained its holy cause,  
Through her sweet prayers, like angels sent  
To beg resenting justice pause.  
Ah sweet Floreta! Fair as light  
Of the young morn', from heaven flowing;  
Thine eyes amid the silent night  
Illumed the shade like twin stars glowing,  
And in the glory of thy smile  
An angel birth seemed just awaking,  
Whom loves soft glamour did beguile  
To barter bliss in thus partaking.

## PART V.

THE stars from out their vesper dream  
Aroused, desert Sciota's stream!  
Far in the East a tint of grey  
Crowns the young brow of waking day!  
Along the sky the Sun God threw  
Caressing smiles of rosy hue!  
And upward to the zenith strays  
Alternate shafts of cloud and rays;

While far above floats shreds of light,  
Driving the dull reluctant night  
'To the dark West, where throned afar  
Rests radiantly the morning star.  
The Eastern sky in gold and blue  
With tinted shafts of light bestrew  
The heavens ; while the hills around  
Are crowned with light, their vales profound  
In shadow rests ; and now the scene  
Seems waking from a couch of green.  
Thus morn's celestial splendors rest  
Like gems adorning natures breast.

The meadow larks high song invites  
The maiden band to matin rites !  
With gleeful steps they stray 'mid gems  
Of pendant dew drops, gracing stems  
Of emerald spray, whose glinting light  
In days soft youth seemed doubly bright.

Far floating on the rippling tide

They saw a wreath of wild flowers, blending  
Their brilliant hues, and slowly glide

'Mid eager waves, that seem'd contending,  
In playful strife, to kiss the mass  
Of tinted beauty. As they pass  
Each maid with anxious footsteps try  
To climb a jutting rock hard by,  
And from the vantage station, wrest  
The wreath from calm Sciota's breast.

Floreta's active steps assail

The treacherous steep, and first to scale,  
While reaching forth the flowers to save  
She fell! She sank beneath the wave!

Shriek after shriek of wild despair

Rang out upon the fragrant air!

But hark! An answering shout is heard,

And from the forest depths appeared

A warrior form, whose footsteps vied,

In speed, the winds unmeasured stride.

'Twas but a moment, on the verge  
Of the vast rock, above the surge  
He paused, to see the wavelets curl  
And mark the spot where fell the girl,  
Then quick as lightning from the clouds,  
    Resistless in the tempest flashing,  
He cleft the wave that beauty shrouds,  
    And 'neath its bosom fearless dashing,  
Rose like some God of ocean birth  
And bore the rescued maid to earth.

Scarce had Waconta bravely gained  
The wooded bank, than 'round him rained  
From countless tongues, such vengeful yells,  
It seem'd the echoing voice of hells  
Unhallowed host had thus gained vent,  
While threatening hands with weapons, rent  
The circling air about his head ;  
Soon had his fearless bosom shed  
Its hero tide, beneath the hail

Of arrow barbs ; soon had the wail  
Of coming death been bravely sung,  
Had not the maid, in terror clung  
With frenzied cries about his breast.  
“Back ! Back ! she shrieked, cease warriors, lest  
Thou carest to meet Kalenko’s blade ;  
    Know that my life ere now were fled,  
And I beneath these waters laid,  
    Had not some guardian spirit led  
This gallant Huron to my aid.”

“Cowards ! by numbers valiant grown,  
    Wouldst dare to strike the noble down ?  
Wouldst dare such cowardice to own  
    And meet Kalenko’s angered frown ?  
Back ! let my sire in judgment stand.  
Let justice rule through his command !”

“Bright flower, Muskingum’s cherished pride,  
But for thy prayer, ere this had died  
That hound from Huron’s cursed abode ;  
Ere, this, on deaths revolting road



His traitor soul had sped its way  
But for thy wish ; thus we obey  
Thy loved command. Now bind the chief,  
His future life on earth, though brief,  
Shall such remorseless torture greet,  
That hells uncertain pangs were sweet  
Beside our wrath. Kalenko's voice  
His fate shall name, and his the choice  
Of lingering death"—Thus sternly said  
The Chief Shananket, he who led  
Muskingum in each desperate scheme,  
Whose plot by day, whose nightly dream  
Was murder in its direst hue ;  
Whose every inspiration, drew  
Its torrid food from festering hate  
Of mercy's cause. Whose heart—elate  
With mocking joy when torment claimed  
Its shuddering prey, or madly flamed  
The pyre that wrapped some tortured breast—  
'Till now in its dark cell repressed,

Beheld misfortune, grim, requite  
His labored schemes, beheld the night  
Of disappointment fall, and shroud  
His hope, that 'mid the pleading crowd  
Of eager swains, that he alone  
Floreta's loving heart would gain,  
Thus armed, to grasp Muskingum's throne,  
And o'er Sciota's splendors reign.

His eyes reveal the baleful glow  
Of love despised, and raging now,  
He saw the tide, impulsive flow  
And mantle o'er her virgin brow,  
Whose language, more than words, impart  
The inmost secrets of the heart.

## PART VI.

A BROAD, the olden trees majestic flung  
Their wide parental arms, whence graceful  
hung  
The sprays and vines enrobed in living green;  
Around, the grove disclosed a peaceful scene;  
The tangle of the virgin wood was cleared,  
And all about Muskingum's homes were reared;  
Here elders sit in evenings tranquil hour;  
Here dwells the chief, whose long descended power

Rules the great tribe : and here in council state  
The delegated chieftains calmly wait  
The fire ignited by the prophets flame,  
Whose holy light inspires the lofty aim  
To teach and guide Muskingum's stately course,  
And give the nation the resulting force  
Of well considered ends, for here is found  
Such wisdom as in savage breasts abound ;  
Here history's wrought in that inspiring game  
That built the glory of Muskingum's name.  
Circled around, each brow was gravely set  
In studious thought, while passed the calumet  
From lip to lip, its mental mirrored haze  
Floats softly o'er the councils fragrant blaze ;  
And through the curling wreaths is visioned clear,  
What wisdom seeks, what warrior arms may dare.

Meanwhile in silence waits the somber band  
For great Kalenko's well resolved command.

At length his voice in tones like thunder, deep,  
That o'er the distant heavens rolling, sweep  
In chords affrighting, bade the braves that wait  
Bring forth the Huron, that avenging fate  
May wrong redress. The chief securely bound  
Stood at the bar, where justice reigns profound.

“Huron, thou camest amid the gloom of night,  
A spy dishonored, a craven too despise  
Thy lying plumes, to stealthy consummate  
The deeds that fiends alone would emulate.  
Thou dared profane the sacred homes, that we  
From foul invasion, kept supremely free  
For ages long; and too thou'd dare to wreak  
Thy creeping warfare on the old, the weak,  
And those beloved ones whose one defense  
Was not their valor, but their innocence.”

“Thou unprovoked hath done these wrongs, and I  
Tell thee our laws demand that thou shalt die.  
Yet as thou haply didst unselfish save,  
    The fairest noblest of Muskingum's daughters.  
From that most dreaded fate an unmarked grave,  
    Unhallowed, 'neath Sciota's sorrowing waters,  
Thy story shall be calmly heard, yet brief  
Must be thy words, and dare not hope relief  
From captive fate. Our honored council will  
With justice strict their righteous task fulfill.”  
Thus spake Kalenko! and replied the chief  
With fearless mien, and language bold and brief,

“Great chief! Thy power holds naught for me  
That bids me fear; nor can there be  
In all thy tribes destroying might  
Aught, which can turn my soul from right.  
I came not as a spy to wreak  
A cowards arms upon the weak;  
Or in the glooms enfolding hour  
To stealthy dare thy kingly power,  
But as a brave, inviting brave  
To combat for an honored grave,  
The prize! The victors generous claim  
To live in glowing legend fame.”

“While wandering through thy fragrant groves  
Where angels dwell, where beauty roves,  
I saw the maid whose heavenly charms  
Enthralled my soul, whose glance disarms,”

“Hate even in the mad embrace  
Of insane rage. One joyous smile  
Illuming that celestial face,  
Would vengeance from its aims beguile,  
And guide it to repentant grace.  
Then from my breast did every thought  
Depart with fumes eternal dream,  
And save the sense which honor taught,  
Love reigned within my heart supreme.

Kalenko now thou knowest all  
The emprise dared within thy state,  
My soul's content, nor dreads to fall,  
Thy judgment I impatient wait.”

The calumet again passed silent round  
The group of patient chiefs. In thought profound  
Each furrowed somber brow was deeply stirred,  
And whispering with gestures rude conferred.  
And now Kalenko begged each thoughtful chief  
His judgment to relate, in language brief.

Yet in such truthful eloquence, that all  
May know 'tis justice that demands the fall,  
Or grants respite awhile to Huron's brave—  
Who treads the margin of a waiting grave—  
At length Kalenko's voice spoke the decree  
Which gave the Huron death or liberty.

Chieftain, he said, Muskingum's distant birth  
Was in a wondrous land, 'twas thence we came,  
To peaceful rear upon the bounteous earth  
A noble people and an honored name.  
But not through me shall glowing history sound  
Its stirring voice, but by our prophets tongue,  
In rhythmic measures that may well astound,  
Our nations trials and triumphs shall be sung;  
That thou mayst see and justly prize, how great  
It is, to be adopted by our state.

"Then said the prophet bent and hoary,  
Huron thou shalt hear the story  
Of Heavens wrath, Muskingum's glory."

## PART VII.

FROM Apalatchias orient chain  
To far Dakota's snow clad mountains,  
Reposed uncleft a sun bright plain  
Kept ever green by constant fountains.  
The earths increase of fruited maize  
Our wigwams filled to overflowing;  
In pleased concourse passed the days,  
The nights, in happy dreams bestowing.  
The speeding chase, its well earned spoil  
Reward well the hunters toil,  
When bisons roamed in herded mass,  
And watchful browsed the waving grass.

Thus Heaven bestowed its bounteous cheer,  
And peaceful life, bereft to fear  
Passed happy on. Until at length  
A savage horde in countless strength,  
Scaling the Northern Mountains, came  
From some dark land, whose icy steeps  
Untouched by the inspiring flame,  
That in full measured splendor, leaps  
From Heavens bright shield. A shivering hell—  
Where but misshapen natures dwell—  
Where Unalaska's gibbering Gnomes  
Are the guardian demons of their homes.



O'er the bright plains their legions raged!  
And with revolting torture, waged  
A strife that more destructive grew,  
As our devoted warriors threw  
Their lives, their treasures in the breach.  
No arm could stem, no force could reach  
The vitals of their savage power;  
Our arrow barbs in endless shower  
Remorseless sought the crowding horde,—

But like the storm clouds driving rain,  
Destructive as it stintless poured,  
When ceased, a hardy scene restored  
That teemed with sturdy life again—

Thus their resistless legions pressed  
Our lessening sons, and daily wrest  
From our fond home some fair estate;  
While new misfortune seem'd to wait  
Our every effort, to oppose  
The emprise of our savage foes.

Thus was our valor doomed to fail,  
Before that reeking human gale.

There yet remained a last appeal  
For penitential hearts to make,  
'Twas justice should its ends reveal,  
And its celestial power awake;  
Then from high Heavens unclouded plain,  
Our prophets wooed with sacred prayer,  
The vestal ray, to light our fane  
And yield expectant blessings there.

Quick, in a flash of blinding flame  
The holy fire responding came.

Then kneeling 'round the fane we gave,  
    Sadly, our prayers to pitying Heaven,  
To spare us a dishonored grave,  
    And give to us the holy leaven  
Of hope renewed, again to rise—  
    In some fair scene to crime unknown,  
Beneath the charm of smiling skies—  
    And build anew Muskingum's throne.

Heaven heard our prayer, became our guide  
To homes where flows Sciota's tide.

## PART VIII.

**B**UT justice from its dread celestial height,  
Beheld the wrong imposed by impious might,  
Condemned the horde, a fated judgment reap,  
To ever more in death's abyss to sleep.

Manitou, glorious! from his throne enveiled  
By storm rent clouds, stretched forth his sceptered  
    hand.

With thunders crash, and lightning bolt, assailed  
The quaking stretches of our stolen land.

And from the depths, where prisoned waters  
    course

In angry riot, loosed their waiting wrath,  
Resistless in a vast unguided force,  
They ploughed along the earth an awful path.

The heavens wept, the skies were rent in twain;  
The wind ghosts howled a frenzied revelry,

And where smiled plenty o'er a bounteous plain,  
Now raged a storm wracked, wide, engulfing sea.

Chaos ruled triumphant, o'er the grave  
Of all that sunlit beauty gave to life!

And seem'd, as towering wave combatted wave.  
The prelude of a world destroying strife.

The seasons passed and seasons grew again,  
And yet the murky waves o'erflowed the plain.  
The tireless sun, in unseen volume, drew  
The sullen waters to the arching blue,  
And gather'd there, a cloud o'erflowing brood,  
Gave to the thirsty lands reviving food.

So endless time again its scenes repeat,

Of Legends past, which memories faintly tell  
Of that heroic age when warrior feet,

Migrating, trod the lands of Asphodel.

'Neath tattered banners of a starving horde

From throttled Ind, and Chian's barren steeps,—  
Seeking expectant, fruitage, generous stored

In bursting garners, wealth and labor reaps—  
To the far East, where earth and heaven blend,

Their lagging steps drew onward in despair,  
Never to reach the far retreating end

Which like a mirage faded on the air.

Still on they pressed upon the toilsome way,  
Where wandering tribes their futile might oppose,  
Who battled bravely in a moment's fray  
And falling, met pale deaths exulting woes.  
Onward still! 'Till reached the distant verge  
They paused dejected on a rock crowned brink—  
Then like the shrieking sea birds fatal dirge—  
They voice their sorrows, as they fearful shrink  
The vast waves rolling on the barren shore,  
The storm clouds speeding o'er the angry main,  
And curse the fate whose lure, derisive bore,  
Their faltering ranks to deaths revolting reign.

But now the leader,—whose triumphant arms  
Led them to victory on the desperate path,  
Beheld the ocean gemmed with island charms,  
Beheld the fading of the tempests wrath—  
With stirring song—  
Which skies prolong  
In echoes o'er the listening throng—  
While pointing to the isles that ranged afar,  
Like steps to reach a distant paradise,  
Reviving all with hopes inspiring star—  
Revealed the story of the waiting prize.

“The missiles vast, by unclean spirits hurled  
With giant arms, in that profane assault —  
Were mountains, wrest from out the quaking  
world—

To wreck the portals of the heavenly vault.  
But Gods supreme, in their eternal power  
Cast back the weapons to astounded earth,  
There, in repose they drank the sunny hour,  
And grew to splendor in a verdant birth.”

“Now like successive continents they lay,  
O’er treasured with the fruitage to sustain  
Our famished ranks, and bares the yielding way  
That leads to plenty o’er the conquered main.”  
They built their vessels, launched them on the tide,  
And gained the island’s ease inviting breast,  
The first to seek the world inspiring stride  
That dared the mastery of a mighty west.

And onward still from isle to isle they sped—  
Whose welcome sands the fragile barques profane,  
Beneath bright skies in daylight glory spread,  
And nights ablaze with stars imperial rain.  
And on until the heaving ocean bridged  
Their barques lie stranded on a wondrous shore—

A sun bright land with terraced verdure ridged—  
Where flowery revels paint the valleys o’er.

Thus came the tribes! whose glorious past was veiled  
With bonds ignoble, born through countless years,  
By laboring serfs whom hissing lashes quailed  
In blood torn tribute of despairing tears.  
While fair Samaria's homes were foully raped  
By dread Pilesear's desecrating Sard,  
And heaven condemned their destiny was shaped  
To penitential earn their sins' reward;  
For through the wrongs resentful pride impose,

*This line should be here*

Disdaining truths th' inspired prophets taught,  
Forgetting rescue from Egyptian woes,  
Forgetting peace their old religion sought,  
Unto degrading Gods they impious turned,  
In profane worship at their altars fire,  
Where through licentious rites degenerate learned,  
They reaped the harvest of celestial ire.  
But through the ages fellowship remained  
Though lost to name, and that immortal light  
That built their nation, now forever stained  
By Heavens repulse. At length reviving right  
Their numbers gathered, and escaped the chain  
Of crushing slavery, in migrating ranks  
They scaled opposing mountains, dared the main,  
And rest in rapture on those sunny banks.

And yet their nomad instincts still supreme,  
The heritage of their Chaldean sires,  
Disdaining ease of plenty's tranquil dream,  
In restless wandering sought their souls' desires.  
The tribes divide! Seductive countries lay  
In the far South beneath unclouded skies,  
Their fertile plains, in bountiful array  
Of yielding nature wooes responsive eyes.  
And there at last they rest, their wandering o'er,  
Mid Anahuac's groves in languorous peace,  
'Till Heaven, appeased, shall happily restore  
Their heritage, and give their fate release.

### PART IX.

THE better part, the brave, the bold,  
Those of a true heroic mould,  
Disdaining rest, despising pain,  
Believed their light would rise again;  
Not in the soft seductive leisure  
Of groves that lead to aimless pleasure;  
Not in those Syren haunts where grows  
The unearned fruitage of repose,  
But where men in unceasing strife  
Win all that earth imparts to life;  
Where laboring arms and brains ignite  
Ambitions fire, and guides its light.

O'er mountains far, whose lofty peaks  
With endless winter's garment reeks—  
Whose rocks and chasms faint supplying  
A path of danger, rest denying—  
The horrors of the steeps they face,  
Where ice born storms, o'erwhelming, race  
From crag to crag in wild revolt  
With whirling winds, in fierce assault  
On rampart hills, that guarding lay  
Like sentinels to dispute the way.

High in the air, above the clouds  
Which all the earth below enshrouds,  
In starving ranks, they pressed the sod  
Where mortal footsteps ne'er had trod;  
Where rocks and hills unyielding, staunch,  
Fall 'neath the fatal avalanche  
That fills the chasms, blocks the pass  
And hurls an elemental mass  
Chaotic gathered, prone upon,  
The striven way their steps had won.



And thus amid the warring wrath  
Of quaking earth and angered sky—  
Where winds unfettered swept the path  
And rocks, plutonic, baring lie—  
They struggled on courageous still  
Through days of long enduring want,  
Amid the pangs of natures chill  
And pains abode and famines haunt ;  
For destiny revealed the way  
And led them to the promised light,  
Without the guiding cloud by day,  
Or yet the pillar'd fire at night ;  
Protected by celestial care,  
Triumphing the forbidding road,  
They quit the realms of frigid air  
And to a kindlier region strode.

At length they came to that fair land  
The Eden of our sires delight,  
Unscathed by wars invading hand,  
Unsullied by tyrannic might,  
And dwelt long ages of content,  
Until the Norths invading horde  
Came on devastating mission bent,  
And met Manitou's dread reward.

## PART X.

RELUCTANT, in its whelming sway,  
Slowly the deluge passed away ;  
And from its sullen bosom, isles  
Up raised their breasts to nature's smiles.  
The islands grow ; the waters fade ;  
And plains with changing hill and glade,  
Soon in a garb of verdure dressed  
Awake to life. While from the breast  
Of ardent nature paeans singing,  
Bright flowers in unchecked clusters grow,  
While shrubs and vines, like lovers clinging,  
Their meed of pregnant growth bestow.

The earth renewed in youth appears !  
The skies alternate smiles and tears,  
Inviting natures waking charms  
To living dreams in beauty's arms.  
But wondrous were the changes lent  
The floods retreat. The unrobed scene  
A riven land, through whose extent  
A mighty river rolls between—  
Its countless arms were stretched away  
To bring a tributary tide,  
From Eastern hills, which cradle day,  
And from the West where nights abide—

Like destiny's unyielding force,  
The flood, restraining earth defied,  
Its crumbling banks, and fitful course  
Shaped the inconstant waters stride.  
'Twas thus the deluge scared the earth,  
Whose sun bright plains and languorous isles,  
Forever since creations birth  
Basked unrestrained in plenty's wiles.  
But now a hardier land is here  
Where willing hands alone may win,  
Through labors weal, the righteous cheer  
That loving arms may gather in.

We are the last of that great band  
Who from Chaldean sources came  
Escaping bondage, found this land  
And wrought Muskingum's deathless name.  
And our pure blood of long descent  
No mongrel strain invading dared,  
Our pride of race ennobling lent  
The conscious garb that memory shared.  
But ere the legend is complete,  
Or yet fulfilled the sacrifice,  
Shall thoughtful age those truths repeat,  
That teach the rude, inspire the wise.

O ye! who climb ambitions steep,  
And on its fragile summit, reap  
Its rotted fruit, the dead decay  
That scarce prevails a fleeting day—  
And find thy towering pride, but lend  
    A future cursed with withering care,  
And all thy striven splendor end  
    In the cold desert of despair ;—  
Seek not the calmer vales of life,  
    Seek not the refuge of content,  
'Thou'll know them not, thy ways are strife  
    Thy days of peace and love are spent.  
A day of valor though it ring  
    With passioned glory of success,  
Its utmost conquests scarce may bring  
    A passing strain of happiness.

A day of triumph though 'tis passed  
    Amid the realms of power and fame,  
Its builded hopes, through time amassed,  
    Yield but a quick forgotten name.

A day of love—serenely filled  
With incensed hours of fond delight,  
Where souls entwined, with rapture thrilled,  
Live in their own enshrining light—  
Its joys unnumbered, dwell within  
The hearts recesses, ever blessing,  
And fondly prompts the holy sin  
That seeks its heaven in fond caressing.

Ambition's ends can ne'er atone,  
With all its gauds and gilded art,  
For tortured days to love unknown,  
Or hungered longing of the heart;  
Like visioned demons of the night,  
It turns the evenings calm repose  
To baleful scenes, where shivering fright  
Begets a multitude of woes.

Huron, we now unfold our arms  
To welcome thee an honored son,  
And give to thee the fondest charms  
That mortal love hath ever won.

The prophet ceased ! Kalenko's voice  
In solemn accents judgment gave,  
Relentless the ungenerous choice,  
To join the tribe or meet the grave.  
What ordeal could a warrior know  
More fraught with cruelty, intense,  
That binds him to his country's foes  
A traitor's price, his recompense.  
And gives it to invading power  
To pour its savage hordes upon  
His native land, and speed the hour,  
Led by a lost a recreant son.

What virtuous soul would contemplate  
The traitors shame, the dastard fate?  
The outcast's hope forever lost,  
The peace that never lives again ;  
What mind could calm behold the cost  
And live a lie 'mid patriot men?

Could his proud heart resolved in truth  
Thus sacrifice its generous youth?  
Could he, a recreant life to save,  
Yield its high aims to 'scape the grave?  
Forbid it Heaven ! Ye powers divine  
That steel our souls to deeds sublime,  
Protect from that entrancing snare  
And give the fortitude to bear—

Not death invoked by savage art—  
That gives the torture's withering fire—  
Or faith that casts the quivering heart,  
Still pulsing, on the reeking pyre—

But the sweet monitor, that keeps  
The heart enchained in beauty's guile,  
While memory's light unconscious sleeps  
O'er whelmed by loves supernal wile.  
For that fond demon, heavenly born,  
From its high portals loving torn,  
Welds every thought in one dear thrill  
That leaves no 'scape for mortal will.

"Through beauty's barter thou wouldst seel  
To win abhorrent aims, that reek  
With traitor deeds, yet that pure maid  
Would 'neath the pitying earth be laid,  
Than aid in thy repulsive ends,  
Than yield one timid thoughts applause  
To gain a moments stay, that tends,  
To turn thy hearts to mercy's cause."

"Muskingum's list—for now is past  
The hopes, that o'er my future cast  
A fate destined, through battles game,  
To make supreme the Huron name—

“Wrapt in ambitious vivid snare,  
With glory’s beacon light to guide,  
With arm to battle, heart to dare,  
No thought restrained my warrior pride  
Until loves holy message taught—  
All else was vain, evasive, naught—  
That Heaven alone could send the hour  
Which gives me to loves holy power.  
Not thine to grant the peerless dower!”

“Muskingum, now I fearless tell  
The answering words, that bid me dwell  
In deaths long sleep: glad will I brave  
The torture’s pains, the festering grave,  
The wreck of love, the curse of hate,  
Ere I a moment’s thought would give  
To aid thy schemes, to help thy state,  
And with thy tribe applauding, live.”

Scarce had his words, defiant, ceased,  
Than passion freed its long restraint,  
The brandished club, the ax released  
Gleamed in the light with baneful plaint.  
At once Muskingum’s warriors grasped  
The fearless brave, his limbs were clasped  
With circling bonds, and thus secure  
A night of torture to endure.



Dark was the eve, the thunder crashed,  
The vivid lightning, speeding far  
Upon the skies, appalling flashed.  
Manitou rode his storm robed car!  
And on the night's enfolding gloom  
Launched forth the tempest wind songs, free  
To howling sing a coming doom,  
A dirge of sacrificial glee.

A night of horror to the brave,  
A night that contemplation gave  
No recompensing thought, that light  
Could lend one hope to suffering right;  
Or chance to conquer that despair  
Which shapes to life its gloomy end,  
A chance that gives, to valiant share  
A fearless struggle to defend.  
Thus mused the chief while sorrows rend.

"O for a moment, freedoms thrill  
To give my arm inspiring power  
One gallant contest to fulfill,  
Then welcome deaths eternal hour.  
O liberty! thou purest crime  
That mortal dares that angels praise!  
Thy triumph turns to light sublime  
The fettered gleam of tyrant rays!  
But liberty is not for me  
In death alone my soul is free."

But now a form from out the shade  
With silent steps steals through the glade,  
Wrapt in a night hued robe, that lent  
Dread semblance to a spirit, sent  
From out the shadowy land of death.  
With whispered words and bated breath  
Briefly revealed, the prisoned chief,  
The way to life, the hoped relief.

His quickened sense inspired, awake,  
Beholds loves constancy forsake  
Her country, home, her nation, yet  
Feel not a pang of fond regret.  
Quickly the harrowing bonds were riven  
A weapon to his hands was given.

“Away! Away! She whispering said,  
Before the dawn illumes the hills  
Be thou on freedom’s pathway fled,  
’Tis thus its duty love fulfills;  
But when in thy far home secure,  
Remember, this fond beating heart  
With constancy will still endure,  
’Till life with its lost hopes depart.”

“Forbid it, Heaven! Waconta cried,  
That I should leave my promised bride,  
Desert my souls celestial joy!  
Quit thy fond presence; and destroy  
The one dear hope that pitying fate  
May its relentless course abate.  
No, No! No recreant brave am I!  
Far better, far, it were to die  
With all the pangs that torture give,  
Than thus desert thy love, and live.”

“Away! Away! the maid replied,  
If yet thou hope to gain thy bride!  
I’ll wait thy coming ’till the light  
Of that bright orb, now soon to rise,  
Deserts its path, and yields to night  
An endless mastery o’er the skies.  
I go dear one he said at length,  
But wait me, I will come again,  
And with me all the warrior strength  
Of Hurons true heroic men.”

## BOOK SECOND.

## PART XI.

TOWARDS the North, a toiling brave  
Sped on to where the tideless wave  
Of restless Huron stretched afar,—  
Embounded by the mystic bar  
Where lake and skies enchanted meet.  
Long had his quick untiring feet  
Trod the wild path of steep and plain  
With one reviving hope, to gain  
His native land, his nation's home,  
Where those resistless warriors roam  
Who made immortal, Huron's name,  
Who built its power, impressed its fame;  
Where, in the wake of passing time,  
They gathered on their Northern hills  
The valor, which a rugged clime  
Such fearless hearts responsive fills.

Hard by the shore, where lofty pines  
With arms in cloudless incense swinging—  
Like censers serving natures shrines,  
'Mid woodland chorus brightly ringing;  
Where blooming plants of hardy grace  
With beauty paints the fragrant sod,  
While yet triumphed the kingly race  
The oriflamme of golden rod—

Dwelt Huron's hardy warriors. Here  
Their home fires kept their hearts aglow,  
With legend glories to endear,  
And stintless freedom to bestow  
Its guerdon on each fearless son,  
Who with his ax and trusty bow  
His warrior plumes by valor won  
From some renowned but conquered foe.

Loud were the cheers that greeting came  
As on the scene Waconta trod,  
His heart aglow with valors flame,  
His bearing like a warrior god;  
His form exalted as the oak  
That triumphs in the forest shade;  
His voice in tempest tones invoke,  
The list'ning braves, to gallant aid  
A cause as generous as the war,—  
Of virtue 'gainst alluring wrong—  
That suppliant wins its hallowed star  
And sets it mid the holy throng.

His words in burning measures, grew  
Like floods that sweep the valleys through,  
And scatters in their ruthless flight  
The scenic chords of olden might,  
Then falling as some grand refrain,  
Intones a brighter chord again.

His eloquence resounding grand,  
Stirred the rude passions of the band;  
Aroused to war or soothed to peace;  
Bade pity flee or vengeance cease;  
Invoked the raids relentless game;  
Or lighted loves celestial flame;  
Exulting made each willing arm,  
The guiding sire of wars alarm.

And thus each rude tempestuous heart  
With passions revelry intense,  
Sought eager, dangers hopeless part,  
Spurred by the stormy eloquence.  
Then ere the ecstasy were fled  
The final words were sternly said.

O warriors of a noble line,  
Whose valiant actions, brightly shine  
In memory's light. where deeds of glory  
Live in the prophets glowing story—  
As fancy's tales are told, to grace  
The legends of some mystic race—  
Can you renowned for generous deeds  
That makes the Huron name sublime,  
Exist unmoved, while virtue pleads  
To 'scape the savage grudge of crime?

## SCIOTA

Ye victors of a hundred fields,  
Who staked your honor, to attain  
The proud estate, that nobly wields  
The arms o'erguarding freedoms reign;  
Can you live on in plentys ease  
While rampant tyranny prevails,  
Imbibe the essence, while the lees  
Is mocking cast to swell the wails  
Of suffering hearts, whose vain defense  
Is their sad, piteous impotence?

It seems but yesterday, when youth,—  
Clad in the panoply of truth—  
By Huron's waters, happy strode—  
Drinking the poetry which life  
Imparts to youth, ere manhood's strife  
Unveils the drear subverting road.

And on its bosom dim, afar,  
Beheld a seeming ordained light,—  
A bright isle, like some waking star  
That decks the robe of early night—  
A light of hope, destined to glow  
O'er young ambition's boasting sway,  
Or else, perhaps a mocking woe  
Ere life beholds its closing day.

Shall we in dull contentment rest,  
And let ambition callous lie;  
Quench the proud fire that warms each breast,  
Nor pass one fond regretful sigh?  
If so, how vain the hope that strives  
For fleeting joys we suffering reap,  
When treasured mem'ry scarce survives  
The advent of eternal sleep.

If this be true, what does the flight  
Of time impart to earthly state,  
When darkly looms the coming night,  
Where all that life begets, await  
A few strained tears, a passing sigh,  
A moment's tribute o'er the bier,  
A light regret, and then to lie  
Forgotten through the endless year.

Can we, thus scanning o'er the past  
Wish that our future be o'er cast  
By nerveless ease, never to greet  
A gallant struggle e'en 'twere defeat?  
Shall we philosophy invent  
To ease our conscience, gain content  
Through argument, that deftly pleads,  
To cheat our lives of noble deeds?



Not so! such fate just men despise;  
Indignant, their brave souls arise  
Rebellious, though some distant field  
May see their gallant bosoms yield  
The tide of life, unwept, unknown,  
Save by the verdure's soothing wave,  
Or some sweet flower through pity grown  
In tearful perfume from the grave.  
And now ye Huron braves arise,  
Reveal your soul's unflinching wrath,  
Muskingums sons must ne'er despise  
Or fright you from the warriors' path.  
For they, transgressing truth's domain,  
Deride your prowess, flaunt your rage  
Declare your conquests, boasted, vain,  
And dare you to the battle's gage.

Now let our prophet meek intone  
Our prayers to reach Manitou's throne  
Imploring Heaven's immortal care  
While we the toils of conflict share.

## PART 12.

## Prayer.

**G**REAT Spirit thou Lord who dwells Supreme  
In Heaven's celestial Hall!  
Thy holy name, O mighty King!  
Be hallowed over all.

Thy kingdom of eternal light  
Some happy day shall come!  
Thy will celestial shall prevail,  
And contrite hearts be dumb.

Grant us the sustenance that flows  
From thy responding earth;  
Forgive our faults and let our acts  
Be measures of our worth.

Let not temptation's might prevail  
And fill our worldly path;  
O free us through thy boundless love  
From Thy destroying wrath!

Thy power and Thy glory, Lord!  
Eternity shall know;  
Thy praises will through endless time  
With love adoring flow.

Thou wondrous Spirit. God of all  
The universal scheme,  
Extending where no thought may dare,  
Nor wisdom's light may dream.

The moon, the stars, the cosmic space,  
Creations natal cause,  
With orders flowing harmony  
Obey Thy changeless laws.

Thou brought the night from space afar  
To tread its silent way;  
And with the sun's inspiring light  
Thou built the glowing day.

Along the skies' celestial path  
Thy flaming legions march,  
In phalanx of imposing ranks  
That gem the starry arch.

Dread spirit of such boundless power  
O let us triumph, when  
We strike for honor, justice, right;  
Lord, grant our prayer. Amen.

Up sprang the warriors, each resolved  
The tribal glory to renew;  
The problem of invasion solved,  
They quick the fateful path pursue.

## BOOK THREE.

THE hours passed, the storm king's reign,  
Lingering in distant thunder's sound,  
Gave way before the blushing train  
Of rays that rosy morning crowned.

Muskingum's braves, from slumbers yoke  
Stirred by the woodland call, awoke;  
To reach the Huron's prison space,  
The path, with hurried steps they trace;  
But hark! Those curses, deep and dread,  
Proclaim the Huron Chief has fled.  
Loud imprecations, wild and fierce,  
Were vollied forth in tones to pierce  
The list'ning heavens; while gathered in  
Excited groups, with vicious din—  
The chief has fled, our prey escaped  
To mock the schemes our vengeance shaped—  
They cried aloud. But soon they grew  
To dangers calm, then to pursue  
The fleeing Huron, quickly dashing—  
With weapons in the sunlight flashing—  
Their rage, unbounded as the wrath  
That fills the cyclone's deadly path,  
Sought madly the accounting cause  
That thus profaned Muskingum's laws.

Shall all our utmost care but give  
Him freedom to escape and live?

No! Some Apostate's venom'd deed  
Has the relentless chieftain freed.

Kalenko's voice at length was heard  
Above the loud, confounding wrath,  
His stern command the warriors stirred  
To speed upon the hostile's path.  
Some recreant son, Kalenko said,  
Muskingum's concord has profaned ;  
Our glory to dishonor led  
And our long line of splendor stained.

What worthless soul could thus defame  
The land that gave him welcome birth!  
Yield all, ungrudged, to damning shame,  
And stand before astounded earth  
In manhood's guise, without a pang,  
To tell the story of remorse,  
And treacherous flaunt the venom'd fang  
That consecrates the traitor's course.  
And now Muskingum's sons must know  
If home shall be a sacrifice,  
That grovels to a hated foe,  
And yields all for a pander's price.

No, never! Steadfast never, while  
High heaven reveals its boundless smile,  
Shall pitying thought uncertain stray  
And grant the unction of delay.

The craven shall in torture die ;  
His hated corse shall festering lie  
The vulture's food, and untold shame  
Shall cursed enshrine his dastard name.

But see! before her raging sire  
Stept timid forth Muskingum's maid,  
Like some sweet spirit from the pyre  
Of sacrifice. She calmly said  
No traitor's part, no bargained deed,  
No act ungenerous have I done ;  
For I obey but that fond creed  
Of love which hath devotion won.  
Thou! Mighty chieftain, even thou!—  
Although thy calmer measures sleep—  
See'st in my heaven-recorded vow  
A sacrifice, my faith should keep ;  
E'en while thy raging mind has planned  
My death to meet thy dread command.

But never, never will I dare  
The sacrifice of love; I'll share  
Waconta's fate. Nay, there contains  
In earth beneath, or skies above,  
In splendor's gauds, or treasured gains,  
Naught that can quench my boundless love.  
From him to part! forbid it all  
My hope of heaven's celestial bliss;  
With him to live, with him to fall  
Is joy; no hope presents like this.  
Away all ties! My cherished home  
Is his fond bosom, there to rest,  
And joyful find with him to roam,  
Through worlds of toil, is to be blest.  
Now do thy worst, thy slaughtering part  
Shall ne'er thy offspring's bosom quail;  
For love shall glow this constant heart,  
E'en while thy torturing arts assail.

Then spake the chief in sorrow's wail.  
Alas! thy parent's heart could break  
To know, thy country, long so dear,  
By passion led, thou wouldst forsake,  
Nor drop one sad, one lingering tear.  
To know thy curst delusion stills  
Each patriot thought, and bids forget  
Our tribe's historic fate that thrills,  
Nor yields one sigh of fond regret.

So, thou must die—unpitied die—  
And thus atone thy wretched crime;  
Thy scattered ashes, lost, shall lie  
Unwept, unknown, throughout all time.  
Thus justice shall impressive lend  
To judgment its avenging part;  
But with thy passing fate will rend  
The last fond fiber of my heart.

Kalenko ceased, and sadly stept  
From where the gloomy warriors stood;  
While round impulsive women wept  
Their tender souls in sorrow's flood.

### PART XIII.

FROM 'midst the angered warriors came  
Shananket, sullen as the night,  
Yet in his eyes ambition's flame  
Shone fiercely—as the baleful light  
Of that dread star whose frigid ray  
Brings all the ills of nature forth,  
To sadden our expectant way  
With chilling horrors of the North—



In lowered but impressive voice  
He bade the warriors scan the choice  
'Twixt he—who tearful judgment gave,  
    And through reluctance doomed its force;  
With power supreme, yet feared to save,  
    When saving was the nobler course.  
Whose hesitation to fulfill  
Reveals his now impotent will—

And he, whose ready arm and brain  
    Stands forth to willing champion  
Muskingum's rights, and thus sustain  
    The fame our fearless arms hath won.  
Yes, warriors! know Kalenko's power  
    Is but a memory of the past,  
And now has come the pregnant hour  
    When fate's unsparing hand has cast  
Our nation's hope, our peoples' joy,  
    On us to cherish or destroy.  
This must we do, the maiden save;  
Her ashes in an unmarked grave  
Can ne'er atone our honor lost,  
Can ne'er repay the monster cost  
Her treacherous love to us hath given.  
Better far the bonds were riven  
That links her to the Huron's soul;  
With her my queen, we reach the goal  
Where wrecked affection will suffice,  
    To make his days enduring pain,  
His life an endless sacrifice,  
    Nor know ambition's path again.

Kalenko, too, must quickly feel  
The anguish of avenging steel;  
Let the dread task on me be laid  
That sends him to eternal shade.  
Go, bring him forth from sighs and gloom,  
And let our council tell his doom.

Forth came the chief, majestic still,  
To hear rebellion's impious will.  
"Kalenko, list; the die is cast,  
Muskingum hath thy death decreed.  
Thy work is done, thy glory past,  
And from thou, tyrant, we are freed.  
Now tell the skies thy final prayer  
And for the sacrifice prepare—  
Thus howled rebellion from its lair.  
Then spake the chief—his towering crest  
The bravest, mightiest of the West,  
Indignant with that pure emotion  
That tells a patriot life's devotion—  
"Muskingum, know, rebellion ne'er  
Brings to the brave one thought of fear;

Nor can a traitor's arts disclose  
The gallant might of generous foes ;  
But like the skulking wolf, that prowls  
'Mid noxious places, where its howls  
Awake a kindred clement—  
'Tis but corrupting clamor, sent  
From hell to curse a noble game,  
And filch some glory chance has lent,  
And cloud a stolen right with shame.  
What! fear the serpent's covert hiss,  
Although his fangs be poised in wrath?  
Away! no warrior's deed is this  
That hurls the reptile from his path.  
Thy venom! Ah! A feeble thrust  
That apes the hero's gallant stroke,  
Thy language lies, whose futile lust  
Seeks curses to impose thy yoke.  
Thank heaven my lot, tho' filled with strife,  
Was cast to dwell an honored life ;  
And though to war we oft' appealed,  
'Twas ever on a glorious field,  
Where victors cheer, the vanquished cry,  
The brave triumph, or fearless die ;  
Where, man to man, their prowess test  
Which is the mightier, which the best.  
But scenes like these are for the men  
Whose nobler natures wrong despise :  
Not traitors from a reeking den  
Where all that's treason crested lies.

“My soul is ready for the flight  
That ushers it to endless night ;  
And while I sing the fatal dirge  
Upon death's dread, mysterious verge,  
No hand polluted with thy schemes  
Shall dare profane thy chieftain's breast :  
Manitou's bolt, with flashing gleams,  
Shall take me to eternal rest.

### KALENKO'S DEATH SONG

Great Spirit! Thou immortal  
Master of all! The portal  
Of thy glorious home I see  
With prophetic eyes. When free  
From afflicting life thy care  
Eternally I would share.  
While the long aeons roll  
From the Zenith to the pole  
Of the mysterious space,  
Where thy wondrous coursers race  
In that stupendous contest  
Of cosmic power, to rest  
No more from duty until

In their orbits they fulfill  
The task imposed by thy will ;  
There, in thy vast boundless sky,  
Beneath thy imperial eye  
Lord, grant I may ever rest.  
The glory of thy face  
No thought may hope to trace,  
For angels shrink the sight !  
Yet the celestial light  
Of thy brow, eternal bright,  
O'er flooding nature—e'en afar  
Unto the utmost star—  
Imparting pulsing life—  
Thy grandeur slight reveals.  
Time or distance ne'er conceals  
Aught nature's course affects ;  
The empire man erects,  
And with gauds of power decks,  
Are but a zephyr's breath  
Before thy will. So the fate  
Of all Muskingum but await  
Thy nod. And now I see  
A wondrous power given me  
To forecast. To prophecy  
Muskingum's future destiny.

I see the red man's splendor fade  
    'Neath destiny's relentless rod ;  
His ax, his bow, his prowess laid  
    Beneath the plain's inglorious sod.  
No future grand with mighty deeds  
    Shall yet thy fading power revive ;  
The shadowy legions memory leads  
    Are ghosts of legends that survive.

No more the boundless plains are filled  
    With game to glad the hunters' sight ;  
The cheer, the warwhoop—all are stilled ;  
    The grave alone asserts its might.  
Thy names may live, thy names alone  
    The future races yet to tell  
The tribes that were, to place unknown,  
    And how their fancied glory fell.  
How all thy splendor, lost by wrong,  
    A savage grandeur yet supplied ;  
How thou 'mid earth's superior throng  
    In abject suppliance failed and died.

I see vast legions speed along,  
The lightning flashing from their staves—  
To mercy lost, unchecked of wrong—  
To fill our land with slaughtered braves.  
I see the paleface warriors grow  
In mastery the earth around;  
Their wardrum's crash, victorious flow,  
And make your homes historic ground.  
And now, Muskingum, thy great name  
No more shall stir a nation's pride;  
A threnody! Its questioned fame  
Shall serve to mark some sluggish tide.  
The end is reached, the vision dim  
That heaven permitted is no more,  
And now I cease the fatal hymn.  
Lord, take me to thy holy shore!  
O, wonders! From the cloudless sky  
A bolt transfixed his mighty breast;  
Without a struggle, scarce a sigh,  
Thus passed Muskingum's bravest, best.

## PART XIV.

SHANANKET, in supreme command,  
Sought the maiden's reluctant hand.  
Her wigwam, long a sacred spot—  
No youth or elder e'er forgot.  
The homage due Kalenko's child,  
Whose thought, whose acts, were undefiled—  
Its precincts were for her alone,  
Where saddened vigils, all unknown,  
Were spent, while memory's fragrant tears  
    Revived those happy days of peace—  
Their light of hope, their cloud of fears,  
    The fortitude that gained release  
From the soul's chasms. Penitent!  
    Yes, sadly penitent! That all  
The hopes she deemed so innocent  
    Were but precedents of a fall  
That destiny's recording scroll  
    Had marked—for all must patient wait  
Its page relentless to unroll,



And tell the dread decree of fate—  
So, mem'ry was the only friend  
The shadows of the past could lend,  
For memory's pages can unroll  
The love-born music of the soul.—  
As in the wind harp's meshes, stored

With music's cadence, lingering,—  
So memory's reviving chord,

Quick flashing o'er its vibrant string,  
Brings to the vision's mental day  
The far past's quick, responding ray—  
The future! Ah! What may it bring!

Misfortunes greater than the past?  
Shall traitors rule, shall sorrows wring,  
Or love triumphing reign at last?

Ah, sad! She could but contemplate

The sorrows that her love had brought;  
The deeds that cursed Muskingum's state—

Rebellion, mad ambition taught;  
A mighty parent sacrificed,

A noble heart gone forth to death,  
A soul dishonor ne'er enticed,

A patriot with his last drawn breath;  
The tribe distracted! All its past

So splendid on historic page,

In the rude maze of war o'ercast

And shattered by rebellious rage.

Thus seemed it to her woman fears  
That her fond love but curses earned ;  
The future's brightness, all that cheers,  
Were to corrupted ashes turned.  
To her no joy could life unfold,  
Her quickest peace the charnel mould.

While thus her mind distracted flew  
With unchained thought on vagrant wing,  
Shananket to her wigwam drew  
Apeing the gallant—flattering !  
Fair maid, he said, thy lovely eyes  
Are not for sorrow ; happy smiles  
Should wreath thy face, where glowing lies  
The charms a warrior's heart beguiles.  
Thou art Muskingum's queen by right !  
And I its master, too, by might !  
Together, an unquestioned claim  
Gives us, throughout this blooming land,  
The right to rule, a path to fame  
As monarchs of a noble band  
More ancient than the lofty hills  
The wide horizon, guarding, fills.

Away! Away! The maiden said—  
And from her face all sorrow fled  
While came, indignant, withering scorn,  
And every detestation born  
From the dark fangs of supreme hate—  
Away, thou wretch! The fiends await  
Thy union with some kindred fiend;  
    Muskingum's maids through me despise  
Thy power, all from treachery gleaned,  
    Thy prideful words all withering lies.  
Thou pander of a nation's worth,  
    Thou slaughterer of all that's just.  
Sprung from the filth of mongrel birth,  
    Nursed by some outcast wretch's lust.  
Thou Noble! Thou? That generous word  
    In thy existence finds no place;  
Its resonance hath never stirred  
    The spawn of a degenerate race.

With quivering brow and fearless mien  
She towered, a denouncing queen.

Her form, her voice, her stirring tone,  
    Proclaimed her all of regal birth;  
One born by right to share a throne,  
    And guide the destinies of earth.

It seemed a hell, a burning hell,  
From his dark glances hideous fell.  
His rage, his all-confounding rage,  
Consumed his language ere his tongue  
Could frame its words, and cursing wage  
The conflict truth unfettered wrung.  
He gained his speech. Thy cursed pride  
May torture, but it cannot save  
Thy boasting self; 'tis I decide!  
I am the master, thou the slave!  
Thou'lt do my bidding ere the sun  
Again its daily course hath run,  
Or thou shalt die—ignobly die—  
Not by a weapon's honest stroke.  
But in surpassing horror by  
Such torture as but fiends invoke.

He quit the maid: she faltered never!  
Her pride sustained. A noble, ever.

But ere the sun had passed to rest  
Behind the shielding mountains' crest,  
A whispered rumor, scarce defined—  
Like thistledown upon the wind,  
Or swarming bees' uncertain hum  
That gives not warning whence they come—  
Stole o'er the land, then quickly growing  
In chorused volume 'till, o'erflowing,  
Told that a mighty Huron host,  
Hastening the wilderness around  
From the bright waters' rugged coast,  
Came to the South's unconquered ground  
To dare the deeds that crowns with fame  
Muskingum's or the Huron's name.

## BOOK FOUR.

## PART XV.

THE morning wakes! The fragrant breeze  
O'erflows the forest, broad, serene,  
Where bows the penitential trees,  
Beneath their stoles and crowns of green.  
The sunlight, filtering through the leaves,  
Streaks the brown sward with flitting gold,  
While vines and brambles, massing, weaves  
The nests and lairs that covering hold  
The crowding game of that wild place,  
The treasures of the hunters' chase.

Along the aisles and tangled maze  
Strode silently long ranks of men:  
Each move, each attitude obeys  
Some guiding force, responsive when  
Occasion meets a questioned cause  
Or some rude task, obstructing, awes.  
Their stately forms, their haughty brows,  
Proclaimed the warrior brave and bold—  
Like those heroic hearts whose vows—  
The demigods of legends old—  
Sought the broad ways of honest fight  
To crush the wrong, to speed the right—

Each man arrayed in warlike guise  
Of feathery fringe and pendant hair ;  
The painted visage death implies,  
Their mighty bosoms broad and bare.  
The eagle, 'reft of all his pride,  
Gave to each chief his battle plume,  
To crown the scalp lock, while each stride,  
Swaying, foretells its hideous doom.  
Their arms? For each a well-strung bow,  
The arrows barbed with glittering stone,  
The club, the ax of jewel glow,  
Seemed weapons made for gods alone.  
Their feet in even measure stept,  
And each a sure alignment kept,  
In moccasins trod quick and light  
Like beasts of prey that prowl at night.  
Their food and drink, all want defied,  
The hunters and the streams supplied.  
Their camp the forest—open, free,  
The skies alone their canopy.

Waconta, ever in advance,  
Surveyed the ranks with eagle glance ;  
His active mind, serene and clear,  
Foresaw each trial and thus became—  
Resourceful to inspire and cheer  
The master of this mighty game.

And thus day after day they strode  
Along the wild, uncertain road,  
Unfaltering as the fated hour  
That recompensing nature sends,  
When life beholds its fading power,  
And the long struggle peaceful ends—  
At length approached Sciota's side—  
Whose limpid waters, restless, swelled  
Southward with ever-growing stride—  
And on its farther bank beheld  
A vast plain stretching far away,  
Unbroken in its wide extent,  
Where war in all its dread array  
Could its destructive arts present;  
Uncaring, through its grim caress,  
Which side wins sorrow, which success.

Upon the plain's extended verge  
Muskingum stood in dim array;  
Their daring scouts spread out to urge,  
With cursing yells and weapon play,  
The Huron sentinels to meet  
The taunting braves, and thus begin  
The pending fight. They feign retreat  
With their strategic art, to win  
The Hurons from the vantage post  
On which their guarded front extends,  
The rampart, where the warring host  
Their vigilance and valor blends.

And now upon the plain advancing,  
Their weapons in the sunlight glancing—  
Like jewels from the fabled mine,  
    Where sunbeams stolen from the sky  
Are prisoned, while their souls resign  
    Their splendor and unconscious lie  
’Till rescued from the grasp of night,  
    Their pent hearts burst in glowing light—  
They halt and hurriedly prepare  
To launch their arrows on the air ;  
Then upward from each bow there sprang,  
With viper hiss, and vibrant twang,  
A shaft up curving, mounting higher,  
Streaked with a ray of living fire  
Upon the barb, dependent, darting,  
A moment gleaming, then departing ;

But now so closely grew the cloud  
Of flying shafts, they seem’d to shroud  
The heavens with exulting gloom ;  
And many a warrior met his doom  
Beneath the curving, hissing gale ;  
But soon the scourging arrows fail  
In volume, and in single flight  
Again they cleave the glinting light.



Thus stood they distant, seeming tame,  
But soon discarding shaft and bow,  
With vengeful brows, and eyes aflame,  
Each rushed upon a rushing foe.  
The cruel ax, unsparing, grew  
A demon scepter, crashing through  
Full many a brow and many a breast  
Sank writhing to eternal rest.  
'The battleclub with fury's dash  
Met the opposing weapons' crash,  
Or on some drooping scalplock falling  
Pitiless, with stroke appalling  
Crushing the human semblance out;  
While all around the frenzied shout  
Rings on the air, and tells the story  
Of many a brave's departed glory.

In groups they fight, and cursing die—  
In carrion heaps uncared for lie—  
Or man to man, with panting breath,  
They war until the arms of death  
Claim one or both, and as they fall  
With shrieks of anguish that appall  
In fury's grapple, demon led,  
'The living strangled by the dead.

## PART XVI.

QUICKLY the elemental force  
Of nature waked ; its hosts began  
To gather from the mystic source,  
And all the shuddering sky o'erran ;  
Upward in awful masses came  
Cloud piled on cloud, whence shafts of flame  
Flashed forth a pale, unholy glare  
In sulphurous torrents on the air ;  
The deep toned thunder, deafning, held  
A universal concert and swelled  
In stern, sonorous bass, or flew  
In rattling volleys, dashing through  
Responding winds, that grew  
Appalling, as if world 'gainst world  
From their far orbits, plucked, were hurled  
And met in awful crash.

And wind  
Embracing wind, whirling, combined  
In raging force, and upward flung  
Gigantic monarch trees, that, wrung  
From the sustaining earth, were lost  
In the mad tempest's sport or tossed  
To the destroying flood. The rain  
In frightful torrents filled the plain  
As a vast sea, whose frantic surge  
Sped on rock and chasm's verge  
With cataract might through spray and foam  
'Till reached some far, mysterious home.

And still amid the awful roar  
Of raging nature insatiate war  
Its revel held. The vengeful shout  
Above the thunder's roar pealed out  
In concert with the furious wind ;  
And torture's shriek, heart wrung, combined  
With life's departing groans and wail  
To chill the shuddering air and pale  
The storm's dark brow, until the light  
Seem'd like the glare of mid-day night  
When the bright sun fades, on his path,  
Beneath some fiend's revolting wrath.

Man, emulating devil, grasps  
His brother man in desperate clasps  
That death alone may lose and gasps  
His exultation, e'en as life  
Floats to the unknown sea, where strife  
Perchance is more. The maddened rush  
Of compact bands, relentless, crush  
The helpless in the murky flood  
That fills the plain ; disdaining blood,  
Drowns the immortal spark and drains  
The being of its lesser pains.  
Thus the high carnival of woe  
Was held alike above, below  
And all about, until the day,  
Like many a life, had passed away.

O'er the wide plain Waconta raged,  
A warring host himself, and waged  
Alone with his untiring arm  
Victorious strife. No thought of harm  
Delayed his path, or ever swerved  
Him from the hope, that constant served,  
To give him the commanding power  
To master fate, and bring the hour  
When on the blood-stained field he'd meet—  
Ere fortune yet assigned defeat  
To either host—Muskingum's chief  
Shananket, and in contest brief  
Decide, as paused the battle roar,  
Their fate in love, their fame in war.

Though hundreds fell beneath his wrath,  
Yet hundreds more still blocked the path,  
And vain the effort to fulfill  
This anxious measure of his will.

Just then, Muskingum's legions quailed  
Before the Hurons' battling might;  
Their ranks were crushed, their prowess failed,  
They saw defeat's polluting night  
When fickle victory, fleeing, gave  
Her smiles to cheer the Huron brave.

Waconta, all his soul aflame,  
Looking triumphant o'er the plain—  
As gaze of some famed hero rolls  
O'er the red field victorious striven  
Then leaves the fruit to lesser souls  
And flies to love's awaiting heaven—  
So hastened his impatient stride  
To where Muskingum's loved abide.

Alas! few were there left to wield  
A weapon in defense; the field  
Of war their force demands above  
All other thought; e'en mighty love  
Beheld its empire fail, when war  
Pealed its wild notes inviting o'er.  
Fierce was his speed! His eagle plume  
Flashed out amid the falling gloom—  
The Huron beacon to demand  
Obedience to a chief's command.

There in the eve's retiring light  
Three braves beheld the plume afar  
Float dimly on the breast of night—  
Like some far distant rising star—  
Then quick they followed on the way—  
Sought by Waconta's anxious speed,—  
To aid the chief and end the day  
With one supreme triumphant deed.

Right onward now they fearless pressed,—  
Heedless of aught that dared oppose,  
To gain the spot, by love caressed,  
Where dwelt Muskingum's blooming rose;  
At last within a wigwam's shade,  
Guarded and bound they found the maid.

A moment's struggle with the guard,  
A few fierce strokes, the deed was done,  
Whence valor gained its just reward  
Of victory and love was won.  
The cruel thongs were rent apart,  
The maid to fond Waconta's heart  
Was clasped, and hope's bright ray  
Again beamed o'er their troubled way.

Ah hope! 'Thou fairest light of heaven—  
Born in the realms of sweet content—  
Thy holy power, celestial given  
To aid thy handmaid, faith, is sent  
To minister to doubt and strife,  
'Mid failing hearts supremely sad,  
And bring the festal charms of life,  
To blooming vistas bright and glad.  
'Twas thus the restless Huron knew,  
The pangs of long-sustained delay,  
And those expectant joys that grew  
To torture, 'neath the lingering sway;  
'Till hope within his soul became  
An impulse fraught with blissful care,  
While memory's restoring flame  
Inscribed its halo constant there.

## PART XVII.

THE storm had passed, and calmly o'er  
The brow of night the moon beams pour  
A soft, bright flood of beauty, that  
Unburnished on the verdure sat  
And bathed each leaf with dripping light  
Steeped in the fragrant breath of night.

Into the woods the Hurons turned  
Their leisure steps, and naught discerned  
That bade them haste; those sounds alone  
That gather in the misty zone  
Of night, breathed with the wind, were heard  
The vampire darting, or some bird  
Of prey in flight, or zephyr's breath,  
But stirred a silence as of death.

Onward throughout the summer eve  
The Huron warriors calmly trod,  
Like acolytes that mystic weave  
Bright chaplets for their woodland god,  
Whose sylvan empire, stretched afar,  
In the night's languor patient lies,  
Waiting the morn's imperial star  
To 'ope the gates of paradise.  
Hand clasped in hand, the chief and maid—  
Their hearts with love's light fondly glowing—  
Along the leafy pathway strayed,  
Hope future's endless joys bestowing.

The warriors, subdued and calm,  
    Marched silently the way along;  
The night's soft shadows seem'd a balm  
    That stilled their souls' triumphant song.  
And yet each heart rejoicing throbbed  
    With exultation of success,  
Knowing their gallant arms had robbed  
    Fate of its dread adverse caress.

But hark! A yell of doubt and fear,  
    It seem'd a Huron's desperate voice!  
And now a wild victorious cheer!  
    Muskingum, canst thou still rejoice?  
Yes fortune in her fickle mood  
With frowns the Hurons now pursued;  
Scarce had Waconta quit the field  
    Than, rallied from ignoble flight,  
Muskingum's braves again appealed  
    To fortune and renewed the fight.  
Charged! And the Hurons, rent in twain,  
Were crushed and scattered o'er the plain.

The sound upon Waconta's ear—  
    Like a lost soul's despairing knell—  
Revealed its tale of harrowing fear  
    That Huron's might, ignobly fell  
Before a nation long despised,  
    When victory, too, its meed had gained,  
And all the fruits by valor prized,  
    Now but a foeman's spoil remained.



At length the chief in anguish said,  
Our Huron braves, to honor lost,  
Before Muskingum's arms have fled,  
Heedless of all that victory cost,  
While we, an atom of our host,  
Must bear the brunt of battle still,  
Sustain our tribe's heroic boast,  
And our long vaunted course fulfill:  
Or else degenerate braggarts, prove  
The scoff of all that's true and brave,  
Unworthy of a generous love,  
Unworthy of a patriot's grave.

Shall we, although in numbers few,  
Yield our proud manhood to a foe,  
Whose chief, through rank rebellion, drew  
His traitor warriors to bestow  
The eagle plume, that fits his state  
As bravely as the fetid crest  
That crowns the vulture, when elate,  
It glowers o'er its carrion nest.  
Never! Ah, never can we live  
In infamy and be despised,

Never! While heaven our homes can give  
The holy flame, devoutly prized,  
Of Liberty that purely burns  
With freedom's radiance, to sustain  
The slave that to its altar turns  
And worships its immortal reign.  
Ah, warriors! We must now prepare  
To meet the front of coming woe,  
To die as only brave men dare  
Entombed amid the fallen foe.

There is a duty to fulfill,  
Ere yet we dare Muskingum's band;  
Ne'er should our steps know rest until,  
Safe placed within some friendly land,  
This loving maid—the only shred  
Of righteousness Muskingum knew—  
By our strong arms is gently led  
To safety's haven, where the true,  
The brave, the just, content reside  
In happy homes unknown to strife;  
Where industry and peace allied,  
Are monitors of honored life.

A hearty cheer burst from each tongue

Of these serene devoted men—

Re-echoing like a paeon sung

By bright, adoring spirits when

Freed from the chains of life's delay,

They speed on heaven's eternal way—

Yes! fearless as the tempest bird

That circles in the wind clouds' van—

By shrieking thunder undeterred,

It flaunts the storm's affrighting ban—

They glad demand the danger post—

A human rampart to defy

The warring braves the battling host—

And beg the generous task to die

Heroic in the fond defense

Of that sweet soul of innocence.

Through the long night they bravely toiled.

Heedless of time's unsparing flight,

And all their woodcraft art ne'er foiled—

Muskingum's swift pursuing might,

Whose warwhoops through the woods about

Resounded with vindictive glee,

While over all the vengeful shout

Told of a holocaust to be,

When in the snare of withering flame

Dies all that's great of Hurons' name.

## PART XVIII.

ABOVE the path the braves pursue  
The night dissolves! To speedy view,  
Softly, in humid beauty breaks  
The fragrant dawn! Silent awakes  
Bright nature's smile o'er earth and sky!  
Upon its azure course on high,  
In merry chase of blushing morn,  
The sun speeds glowing, to adorn  
With beauty the responding earth.  
From this caress a wondrous birth  
To nature, in her pregnant hours  
Is given, through blooming love that hath  
Offsprings of fruits and budding flowers,  
Born to enrich and grace her path.

But now, alas! 'tis only wrath  
The Huron braves around them see;  
A desperate hope alone, to flee,  
Opes the one gate to liberty;  
Or shall they beg a few short years  
Of bartered safety from the foe.  
Lose hope, and all that life endears,  
And live a monument of woe—  
To teach the scoffing braves how well  
A dastard's life may be a hell—

Or like the godly men that dwelt  
    Unsullied, while the pagan yoke  
Their faith assailed, who calmly knelt  
    And sought with joy the deadly stroke;  
Ere one small shred of their belief,  
    One atom of religious truth,  
Wrest from their breasts by torture's grief,  
    Wrest from their hearts by pleading youth,  
Was given reluctant, to escape  
Death in its most revolting shape—  
Yes, they must seek the nobler course  
And dare Muskingum's raging force;  
For there is one defense remains—  
    Muskingum's arms can ne'er deny—  
To battle fierce while life sustains,  
    Then die as but the brave can die.

No timid prayer, no anxious plaint  
    From the bright maiden's lips was wrung,  
But every trial, with proud restraint,  
    Remained untold; with blessing tongue  
She spoke the words alone to cheer,  
    To brighten and delight the way,  
To soothe, to comfort and endear  
    The hope for yet a happier day.

And though impending doom, assailed  
Each moment with profound despair,  
Her fortitude, her love prevailed  
To make each toil a joy appear.

Ah, like a spirit bright and fair,—  
That from a glowing paradise  
Wings her fond way to loving share  
The sorrows, that unspoken, lies  
Within the breasts of those brave men  
Who stake their lives and honor, when  
Fate to a generous duty calls.  
Succeeds, and then forgotten falls—  
She seem'd ; and still she gently strove  
To make the fated hours depart  
With sad content, and nobly prove,  
Heroic, each devoted heart.

Now in the golden summer morn,  
Smiling in beauty calm and bright,  
The fleeing Hurons, jaded, worn  
With the night's long, incessant flight,  
Rested upon a blooming plain,—  
Whose sun-kissed verdure fragrant waved,  
Like Huron's broad, untiring main,  
Whose gleaming waves, caressing laved  
Her lovely isles, which seem'd to rest,  
Bright jewels on the waters' breast—

Majestic in their far repose  
Vast hills upon the verge arise,  
Eternal ramparts that inclose  
The wanton charms of Western skies.  
'Twas but to snatch a moment's rest—  
From the wild chase the foemen urge—  
And thus revived, to gain the crest  
That guards the plain's extended verge;  
Beyond those heights, a smiling land,  
Miami's peaceful home extends,  
Where great Manitou's loving hand  
In stintless measure, fruitage lends  
To cheer and bless; a refuge sent  
By heaven to give the lost content.

But fate, it seems, remorseless still,  
Teaches their cheering hopes are vain;  
No path beyond the mighty hill  
Gives access to Miami's plain.

Thus said the maid: "Full well I know  
"This spot, where oft' in peace I've strayed,  
"And ne'er did nature's hand bestow  
"A sight more dread; for here arrayed  
"Are scenes of awful grandeur more  
"Impressive than the maddened rush  
"Of the wild waters, speeding o'er  
"Plutonic caverns, while they crush  
"Their masses to a foamy cloud,  
"With tones that shriek and thunder loud  
"Through chasm'd rapids, as they hurl  
"Their flood to some devouring whirl.

"Just at the mountain's summit ends  
"All that a footstep may sustain,  
"And straight as yon barbed shaft descends  
"Its barren sides—so smooth that vain  
"The wild bird in its bounding flight  
"Seeks out some rift, some point or ledge  
"To rest its pinions, and invite  
"Its mate to weave the nesting pledge.  
"Down, down beyond the vision, still  
"Extends its vast, unfurrowed side,  
"Till at its base with speeding thrill  
"Rolls foaming on Sciota's tide.

"Alas! Alas! No further now  
"May our worn footsteps painful speed;  
"To fate's dread mandate must we bow,  
"And from the toils of earth be freed.  
"'Tis but a moment's agony  
"That we may feel to pass away;  
"'Tis but a change of scenes, to be  
"Enfranchised to the home of day.

"Aye! Brave thou art, none braver, none,  
"Nor wilt thou care existence lost,  
"For thou hast won, yes, nobly won  
"The hero's bays, although 'twill cost  
"Thy gallant youth's aspiring years  
"Unwept, unbalmed by memory's tears."



PART XIX.

SHE ceased! And to the valiant youths,  
 Her words were like that balm from flowers  
 Distilled by love, that potent soother  
 The blessed in Manitou's bowers.

Alas, 'tis so! Waconta said,  
 But bitter 'tis to know, that I  
 Have thro' my love's persuasion led  
 Thee to this strait to fade and die—  
 Like some bright flower, whose tender life  
 Fits it alone for gentle care,  
 To bloom in peace, to fade in strife,  
 And leave but mem'ry's fragrance here.

Naught now but our strong arms remain  
 To meet Muskingum's ruthless power,  
 And tho' the struggle be in vain  
 Yet 'twill be vict'ry, when the hour  
 Of doom arrives, for 'neath a pall  
 Of foeman we shall gallant fall.  
 Quick to yon glen, where rocks of gloom  
 Guards the unhallowed space within,  
 Like portals of some ancient tomb,  
 Where ashes of imperial sin  
 Lies fallow, to enrich the mould  
 That battens in the charnel fold.

They gathered in the narrow glen—  
Alike a refuge and a grave—  
Those few but bold heroic men  
To wait the foe; they proudly wave  
Their war plumes to the morning sun,  
And with unfaltering voice intone  
Their battle song, their deeds that won  
Such proud success, that now alone  
They scorn their tribe's declining star,  
And dare the game of hopeless war.

In throngs Muskingum's hordes appear;  
With war yell and resounding cheer  
They spread their force and soon surround  
The glen, and from their vantage ground  
Launch their long shafts, embarbed with fire—  
More searching than the bitter ire  
Of that dark spirit, whose intent  
To wreck Manitou's firmament  
Through kindred rebels' aid accurst;  
Hurled from high heaven, to hell dispersed,  
There, bound within the lesser zone,  
They turned their wrath on earth alone—

The hissing shafts in darting curves  
Searches the chasm's utmost parts,  
While ax or club as missile serves  
To swell the wrath of maddened hearts.  
But instant to the foe again  
The weapons dart a quick return  
To fall like some devastating rain  
Of sulph'rous rage, to blast and burn  
In the fierce battle's withering breath  
Breathed by the conquering monster death.

Ah, many a fallen foeman lies  
Dying beneath the pitying skies.  
And many a warrior's sanguine tide—  
Who yelling fought, and cursing died—  
Gave to the prairie's thirsty sward,  
Its vital spark, to fettered rest,  
Until by pregnant time restored  
Life leaps new born from nature's breast.

Ah 'twas a gallant battle! Fought  
So bravely, yet with such vast odds;  
'Twas like those wondrous contests sought,  
Unselfish, by celestial gods—  
Who in the golden days, long flown—  
To give to earth their generous might—  
Resigned the mounts imperial throne,  
And risked their heaven to aid the right—

But ah, those brave hearts! Leaguered in  
The glen—That all too soon must be  
A charnel, where alone may win  
That frightful spirit, whose decree  
A final judgment must remain  
To give eternal joy or pain—  
Like masters of some solid keep  
They're calm, as when beside the lake,  
They thoughtless watched the wavelets leap  
Along the moonlight's silvery wake—  
The fatal dirge their tongues recall,  
Unshaken by a tremor's thrill,  
To tell how nobly men may fall,  
When duty calls them to fulfill  
A hopeless task, which yet may prove  
How holy is a patriot's love.

They sang with voices loud and high,  
That floated o'er the summer sky,  
The song of death whose cadence stirred  
To ecstasy; the final word,  
Though bright and cheerful as the day  
That beamed so fair, a sadness yet  
Breaks through its accents, to betray  
The hopes that youth cannot forget.

Farewell! Farewell! A long farewell  
To those few happy years  
Spent in the height of youths' delight,  
Whose mem'ry still endears  
Each scene, where oft' we sportive strayed  
In pleasure's vagrant thrill,  
Where fancy's lead or thoughtless deed  
But shaped unheeding will.

No more o'er lake or wood we'll rove  
In idle mood, that knew  
No higher aim than stalk the game  
Or speed the light canoe.  
No more in evening's fragrant glow  
We greet the peace again,  
Which fond hearts sent to give content  
To love's entrancing pain.

No more behold the summer night,  
Where oft' the pendant moon  
The mountain tips in silver dips,  
And all the woodland soon  
Lies in a broad effulgent glow,  
Which gleams still brighter, through  
The radiant gem of leaf and stem  
Dripped o'er with sparkling dew.

No more the streams thro' meadows glide

Like belts of burnished light,

*Whence* ~~Where~~ bursts of flame in cataracts came,  
That dared the reign of night.

No more the woodbine scents the breeze,

Or wild arbutus blooms

In early spring, to trail and cling

In fragrance o'er the tombs

Of those who've gone to mark the way

Which our footsteps must tread—

Who silent lies, yet gained the prize

Of tears in reverence shed.

No more we'll lead the warlike charge,

Or from the raging van,

Dash on the foe with ax and bow

And battle man with man.

For now no more the voice of hope

Shall future glories tell;

Our days are fled, our joys are dead—

Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

They ceased! The heavens seem'd to pale

As echoed o'er the hopeless tale.

## PART XX.

**R**AGING! Muskingum's warriors grew  
In valor desp'rate, for their arms  
But slight impress and useless strew  
The glen about, while naught alarms  
The steady braves. At length the rain  
Of missiles from the crowded plain  
In such repeated volumes flow,  
That clubs and rocks in masses grow  
It seem'd to monumental height,  
Until, as though the sorrowing light  
Of Heaven was dimmed to pallid night.

Thus fought they on 'till one by one,  
The Huron braves, their duty done,  
Beneath the weight of missiles fell;  
And in the shadow of that dell

Earth ne'er beheld a braver scene,  
Where hopeless men unselfish toiled—

A few brave youths with hearts serene,  
A thousand desp'rate warriors foiled—

O, it was wond'rous to behold!

'Twas like some glorious tale of old  
When one great heart, enarmed with right,  
Put hundreds to ignoble flight.

At last within the striven glade  
Breathed but the chieftain and the maid,  
While climbing o'er the rampart rock  
Muskingum's men, unnumbered, flock;  
Whose missiled weapons, searching, rends  
The lone spot where the chief defends  
His loved one. She, undaunted, clings  
To his great form. Her voice ne'er rings  
With fear's lament; but her brave eyes,  
Shining with holy love, defies  
The crowding braves. Like some fair saint  
Sent forth by heaven, to faithful share  
A martyr's grave, no mortal plaint  
The agony reveals; no care  
Of self or pain dims the bright crown  
By sacrificial jewels decked;  
No fear invites Manitou's frown,  
Nor dares the ark of virtue wrecked.

But now, behold! Fate destines all,  
The great the less at length to fall,  
And meet eternal joy or woe;  
A shaft sped from a coward's bow  
Sadly transfixed the maiden's breast;  
The warrior ceased! The lover pressed  
Her dear form in his arms, and tears  
Rained from his eyes that countless years  
Of constant torture had not won;



His strife was o'er, his arm had done  
Its last brave deed; 'till forth a hand,  
Was stretched to grasp a silken strand  
Which crowned that loved, that sacred head.  
'Then raged the chief, the lover fled,  
He dashed the crowding foe apart,  
He clasped the loved form to his heart,  
And towering o'er the shrinking braves,  
His gleaming ax triumphant waves.

Back! Back! Ye fiends, ne'er shall a hand  
Profane this form of sacred birth  
While I have weapon to command,  
While Heaven reposes o'er the earth,  
He cried. And with her loved form pressed,  
Turned, dashed towards the mountain's crest.

'The foemen follow fast and fierce,  
And speed their darting shafts that pierce  
His great form o'er. With fading strength,  
Until the mountain's top at length  
Is gained, he speeds, and on its verge  
Stands fearless, while he sings the dirge  
Of death; then from his bosom tore  
A shaft encrimsoned with the gore  
Of life, and fitted to his bow,  
Launched it full on the coming foe;  
It found Shananket's heart. And then  
Pealed forth his wacry o'er the glen,  
The mountain top, the rocks, the plain—  
    A hero's challenge, fearless given,  
'That dares release from living pain,  
    To seek the solemn path to heaven.  
Then with the maiden to his breast  
He sprang, and o'er the mountain crest,  
Like lost stars falling in the night,  
They sank beyond the shuddering sight.

**EPILOGUE.**

Oft' times on Sciota, when the wave ripples dance  
To the whippoorwill's song in the evening's repose,  
And the setting sun flashes a vanishing glance  
O'er the heavens that blush with tints of the rose,  
At a spot where vast rocks reach up to the clouds,  
And a river flows wildly beneath, in the gloom  
Of a vale, where the shadows, subduing, enshrouds  
All its weird surrounding with hue of the tomb,  
Come the youth of Miami, and soft—in the shade  
Of the sad willow tree that hangs weeping above—  
The legends repeat of the chieftain and maid—  
How he battled for right, how they died for their  
love.  
Then they gather the flowers that spangle the breast  
Of the bountiful prairie, and strew on the wave  
A tribute, made holy by tears, to the rest  
Of the pure souls that sleep in their lone, watery  
grave.

Then the moon, mounting up o'er the hills far away,  
Shoots a stray glance of light, the shadows among,  
And over the vale, scarce illumed by the ray,  
A soft, fragrant haze is mysteriously flung;  
'Then the voice of the river is hushed, and the notes  
Of the night songsters cease, and robed in the haze  
The forms of the lovers in dim beauty floats,  
'To fade when the gentle moon brightens her rays.

And oft' when the hurricane rages about,  
And the deep thunders bellow and rattle on high;  
'Mid the elements' warfare a loud, ringing shout  
Seems to roll o'er the mountain and float to the  
sky;  
And the shuddering braves in their wigwams around,  
As they list to the echoes o'erwhelm'd in affright,  
Again hear the Hurons' death cry in the sound,  
Again see their forms in a meteor's flight  
From the dim mountain top, where the storm speeds  
along,  
Down, down to the gulf where the wild torrent  
flows;  
Then the tempest slow dies to the vanishing song  
Of a requiem pealed o'er the lovers' repose.



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